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Title: TWTs LORE BOOK 2

Author: TWT Loremaster  
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8/18/03-----2:00 P.M.

TWT Loremaster sat  
at his writing table, the  
warmth from the  
fireplace filling the room.

The rainfall and winds  
of the storm grew  
stronger with each passing  
day.

The Loremaster has  
kept the passing events  
of TWT, and those  
surrounding it, since the  
beginning of time itself.

The history of TWT  
did not start with  
Draken Korin and the  
setting of the Stone,  
those many years ago on  
the lands of Atlantic.

The Wheels were set  
in motion before any  
still living being could  
remember, before even  
the lands themselves  
appeared.

The thunder shook the  
Loremaster's small  
cottage as it boomed  
seemingly at his front  
door, the very seat that  
he sat in still shaking.  
Or was that the  
Loremaster himself  
shaking?? He pushed  
that question to the back  
of his mind. The  
Loremaster's hand began  
the keeping of time itself  
again, his eversteady  
script filling the  
parchment. The thunder  
again ripped at his house,  
this time bringing the  
Loremaster up out of  
his chair, looking like an  
old man no longer. His  
front door had been

pushed open at the  
intrusion of the winds.

Could the floors of his  
home still be shaking he  
wondered, as he made his  
way to the door to  
secure it.

Shutting the door,  
throwing the bolts across  
now, to ensure it stayed  
closed, he made his way  
back to his writing table.

As he sat down and  
placed quill in hand to  
begin the writings again,  
his mouth opened in  
horror. A large smudge  
of ink was scattered  
across the page.

Standing again, this  
time looking every bit a  
man as old as the Lands  
themselves, he made his  
way over to the fire at  
the other end of the  
room.

The thunder again  
demanded to be heard  
from. This time the  
Loremaster paid it no  
heed. As he stood in  
front of the fire now,  
the tears down his  
cheeks glistening in the  
fires light.

The Loremaster  
thought back to the one  
time before he had done  
such a thing, had  
ALLOWED such a thing  
to happen.

Gods, was the Wheel  
spinning the Loremaster,  
or was he the one sitting  
at the Wheel spinning  
time itself???

The Loremaster stood  
starring into the fire, he  
harkened back to the one  
time his hand had seen  
an unsteady moment  
before.

The coming of The  
Breaking of the World  
itself was foretold by  
the Loremasters hand, his  
hand alone.

He could not help but

think his unsteady hand  
had brought on those  
times so long ago.

Had he just now set  
the Wheel in motion once  
again???

8/19/03-----8:30P.M.

The moans of a woman  
about to enter into  
motherhood filled the air.

She would breath when  
she was told to do so,  
and push, squeezing her  
husbands hand, when  
so instructed.

The mid-mother had  
been very firm on her  
doing what she was told,  
when she was told to do  
so.

Not many were allowed  
the luxury of this  
particular mid-mothers  
ways. She was not kind,  
nor was she unkind, but  
she was good enough at  
her craft that others  
would travel many miles  
to benefit from her  
ways. Much like her and  
her husband had done  
when she started feeling  
the moment arriving.

As the time drew  
near, her thoughts drifted  
back to a day, long ago,  
on the docks. The day,  
after waiting many  
months for, that she had  
felt such happiness and  
joy in her heart. She  
had left those docks  
thinking she would never  
live again, not like she  
had lived before learning  
her father had died  
falling overboard.

But live she did, she  
went on living, and living  
and still living. Even her  
husband was not aware of  
her true age. For they  
had come together only  
four years ago.

How could she tell  
him? How could she  
tell him something she  
herself had no answer

for?

She only knew that  
the man on the docks,  
the dark skinned man  
with the long hair, had  
touched her in a way she  
had never been touched  
before. It seemed as if  
he had awakened  
something inside of her,  
but she was not sure  
how he had done so, only  
that he had.

When the dark skinned  
man and her eyes had  
met, he seemed as  
frightened as she had  
been at what he had  
done. She never saw or  
heard from him again.

She only knew from  
that day on she seemed  
to have not aged at all.  
She also had a strange  
way of knowing certain  
things before they  
happened. But she had  
always seemed to have  
had that way about her,  
even before that day,  
only its stronger now.

She did not look a day  
over 30, yet she was  
close to 200 years old,  
and about to give birth!!!

A baby's cries filled  
the air now, her moaning  
had stopped, she had not  
even noticed the birth  
thru her thoughts.

Her husband was  
standing next to her, the  
tiny baby in his arms,  
holding the new life up in  
the air, showing his wife.  
The smile on his face  
seemed one that he would  
never be able to suppress.

She smiled back and  
whispered, loud enough for  
him to hear,

"We will call her Tabitha."

8/28/03-----3:00 P.M.

Draken sat firmly on  
the log, breathing a heavy  
sigh, feeling it was finally  
safe to stop running.

But, he never felt he

would truly be safe.  
For over 150 years he  
had not felt that fear,  
yet they now had found  
him, and again he would  
be hunted.

He lowered his head  
catching sight of his  
uncleaned sword, the blood  
from the Duel still  
marking it. Since he had  
come to these Lands he  
had forsaken his Power,  
becoming one of the  
more accomplished Dueling  
Swordsman.

Draken stood slowly,  
walking to a stone close  
by, driving the blade  
home with all his might.

Draken called on the  
One Power, locking the  
sword in its new home  
with a tight cast.

10 YEARS LATER  
Draken concentrated,  
channeling the One Power,  
lifting the stone and  
lowering it into the hole  
he had dug. Slowly, he  
focused intense heat onto  
the stone. Letters, then  
words, began to form,  
until it was done.

THE WHEEL OF TIME.  
TWT.

\*thus was the time of  
birth of TWT Guild\*  
8/28/03-----4:30 P.M.

TWT Loremaster sat  
at his writing table, the  
storm still raging outside.

The Loremaster's  
eyelids were heavy from  
days without rest, his  
hand moving across  
parchment, recording Time  
at a fevered pace.

Many times the  
Loremaster would simply  
record time and not  
realize his writings until  
much later, when he was  
able to go back and

reread what he had chronicled. This was not such a time.

His hand stopped suddenly, a pained look on the Loremasters face.

Tears filled his eyes, already now brimming over. He moved away from the writing table quickly, unable to control his sobs, he did not want his tears to stain the records.

The Loremaster stood by the fire, unable to warm his chills. He stared into the fire, his eyes dancing with the flames.

So now the Loremaster knew why the storm had not lessened and continues to grow. Why his hand had gone unsteady those few days ago, marking his parchment with ink.

The Loremaster seemed mesmerized by the fire. Almost afraid to go back to his writing table to begin again the recordings of time. What was the point anymore?

His sobs and tears had not lessened with his thoughts, only grew steady.

Tabitha, TWT's Amyrlin Seat, has left us.